

RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

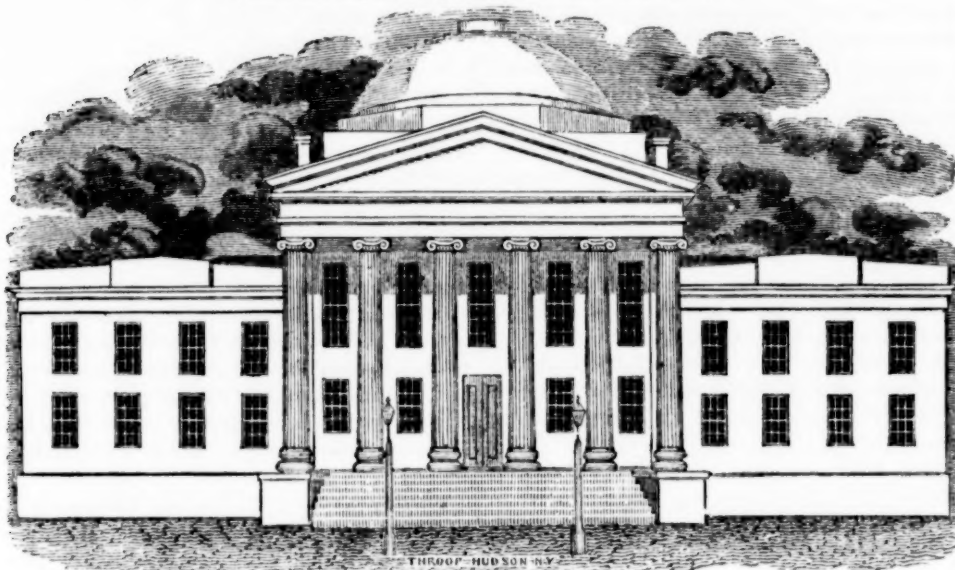
VOLUME XVII.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1840.

NUMBER 1.

COLUMBIA COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

Drawn and Engraved expressly for the Rural Repository.



DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

We present our readers to-day, with a view of the Court House in this city, as seen from Warren or the main street. Washington Square, upon which the Court House is erected, is beautifully situated at the southern termination of Fourth-street, and embracing the grounds from north to south between Union and the south line of Allen-street, and from East Court to West Court-streets in the other direction. This Square has been but recently laid out, and the trees growing therein are yet too small for shade or grandeur, but the beauty of the grounds and of the prospect therefrom will more than compensate for its present youthful and uncultivated appearance.

The Court House is located on the south side of this Square, and fronting directly upon Fourth-street—the end and rear walls are composed of blue limestone, and the front of white marble, from the Stockbridge quarries.

The main building is 48 feet front and 56 feet deep. The Portico, of the Ionic order, and the dome are in perfect keeping and proportion with the body of the edifice. We doubt whether there is in our country a more beautiful specimen of this order of architecture, than is here presented when viewed from Warren-street. A gentleman of highly cultivated taste, and who has spent several years in Europe, has pronounced it the most perfect in proportion of any building of the same style, he has ever seen.

The wings are each 34 feet in front by 44 deep. The east wing is occupied as the County Jail, with the necessary cells and a suite of rooms for the accommodation of the prison keeper and his

family. The cells are thrown back so that the front presents nothing of the appearance of a place of confinement. The basement contains 5 cells—the first, second and third stories, each 4 cells—and the keeper occupies a spacious kitchen with its various accommodations, a bed room and 4 other square rooms.

The west wing contains on the first floor the office of the County Clerk, with a large and spacious safe for his books and papers—the Common Council room, and the hall and passage way to the rooms above. The second story contains the Grand and Petit Jury rooms, and the office of the District Attorney. The Grand Jury room extends the whole front of this wing, and was constructed not only for the county inquest, but for the Board of Supervisors and other business meetings of the county officers.

The first floor of the main building is a large open saloon, with a broad open stairway in the rear, similar to the main entrance of the State Capitol. On the right of the stairway is the Surrogate's office, and on the left that of the Sheriff. From this floor the avenues to all the other parts of the building are very convenient, and beautifully arranged.

The second floor exhibits one of the most, if not the most elegant court room in the State. The Bench, the Bar, the Clerk's desk, the Jury seats, and the seats and gallery for spectators are all in the right place, and convenient beyond any thing we have seen elsewhere. In fine, the whole building inside and out is worthy of exhibition and imitation, and we advise not only mechanics, but the officers of all counties where public buildings are wanted, to come and examine

the Court House at Hudson, before they make expenditures upon any other plan.

This fine edifice was erected in 1835, under the superintendence of the following Commissioners, viz: JAMES MELLEN, JOHN W. EDMONDS, JOHN P. MESICK, JEREMIAH A. VAN VALKENBURGH, and HENRY C. MILLER. The Contractors, BENONI BRUSH, JOSHUA T. WATERMAN, and WILLIAM O. KING. The Masons, GARDNER JENKINS, and JOHN B. JENKINS.

SELECT TALES.

From the Philadelphia Visitor.

THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

"The good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still."

CHAPTER I.

"HUSBAND?—handsome!—handsome is this, and handsome is that. I could sooner tell the absence of beauty than the presence of it. Notwithstanding I think I dare pronounce her handsome—very handsome!"—*The Wife.*

It is doubtless a pleasure in after-life, when age has furrowed the brow and the cheek is sunken, to look upon a likeness of what we were in the days of our youth—the bright eye beaming with anticipation, and the mantling bloom yet fresh upon the painter's canvass.

Having heard of an artist who resided in the suburbs of the city, and who had executed remarkably correct likenesses of some of my friends, I determined to call on him for the purpose of having my own taken. It was in the afternoon that I first spoke with him, and the following morning was at the same time decided upon for me to sit.

Accordingly I set off the next morning for the painter's. It was the month of April and beautiful weather. The sun shone out with congenial warmth—all nature seemed glad—and as I leisurely walked along, I listened with delight to the varied notes of many a feathered songster, making music on the air, as, sheltered by the verdant foliage, they warbled their melodious strains. When arrived at the residence of the artist, to my surprise, it was nine o'clock and after—more than an hour past the time fixed upon for me to be there. His wife, a good looking woman, received me and asked me to be seated. Her husband, she said, had gone out upon business, but she expected him every moment. Taking up a newspaper, I told her I would wait till he came, and seated myself. She left the room.

I now found myself alone in the studio of an artist. The place of itself was not remarkable, but I thought of Raphael, Titian, Corregio and the rest, as I sat there, and their very names seemed to diffuse a halo around the scene. About the room were several portraits, sketched,

finished and unfinished—an easel, palette, paint brushes, &c. By the easel stood a frame, the painting of which was turned from me. Curiosity, of which I believe I have as much as woman, prompted me to take a peep at it. I turned the frame round, and my admiring gaze was immediately riveted on the unfinished likeness of a young female, the painting of which was sufficiently advanced to show that the original was possessed of incomparable beauty. Compared with other likenesses in the room, this one was at once attractive and interesting, distinguished by its beam of intelligence and the mild though brilliant expression of the eye.

I was still gazing at the portrait when the music of a piano was commenced in an adjoining apartment. The instrument was remarkably rich-toned, and the voice that followed it equally so. With almost breathless admiration I listened, and was never in my life so enraptured by the sound of a woman's voice. Between the apartments folding doors intervened—they were ajar, and on tiptoe I approached them. Peeping through the interstice, what was my astonishment to see the original of the portrait I had been admiring. She was seated at the piano and singing. I saw the rise and fall of her finely developed bust, as with the alto of the voice it expanded, or the cadence permitted it gradually to subside. She was the nearest to the beautiful ideal I had ever seen.



Having ventured thus far to gratify my curiosity, I determined to take a step or two farther, and abide the result. Pushing the door wider open—gently—so as not to be heard—I noiselessly insinuated myself into the sitting-room or parlor where she was. Her bonnet and shawl were lying on a chair, carelessly, as if just thrown off. In—further in, I slowly stepped—guilty I own, but determined to proceed, and advanced directly behind her; so near indeed as to look over her shoulder. There I stood, admiring: she unconscious of my presence, continued the music and song. At the conclusion, however, she started, confused, agitated. The silence, which followed when she had finished the song, rendered the ticking of my watch audible—it was that which alarmed her—she had not noticed me before.

"You will pardon me, if you please," said I

commencing an apology. "Sitting in the next room, I was attracted by the music I heard and ventured to enter this apartment—fascinated as it were by the magic of sweet sounds. I feared that if I spoke I should interrupt you, and silently and insensibly advanced to your side. Had I spoken, it would have dissolved the charm."

She did not seem offended; my excuse was apparently satisfactory, and I followed up the conversation, determined if possible to become acquainted. I managed to pass off a compliment or two—spoke of our accidentally having met and the pleasure it afforded me—hoped that it would not be the last of our acquaintance but the commencement of a lasting friendship. She replied and I responded, the conversation began to lag, and to keep up the excitement, lest I should feel myself entirely at a loss for something to say, I asked her to favor me with another song. She unhesitatingly complied, and sung a popular air from an admired opera.

My hopes were that she would voluntarily disclose her name. As yet however, she had not uttered a syllable in regard to it, and it was certainly material that I should know it if our acquaintance was to be extended. Here the song was concluded, and, after praising both the sentiments of the author and the execution of the air by herself, I tried, but was unable, to muster sufficient confidence in myself to ask her name. "That is your unfinished likeness—is it not—which I saw in the adjoining studio?"

"Yes, sir, I have had two sittings, and am here this morning for a third. Mr. B****, the artist, is from home, and to pass the interval till his return I sat down to the piano."

Here we were interrupted by the presence of the artist himself. After a brief desultory conversation, "you must excuse me, sir," said the artist—"this lady is to sit at ten o'clock, and I must therefore ask your indulgence for the present. You remember you spoke of coming at eight o'clock—I waited for you till almost nine, and presuming that you had deferred your visit till another day, went out upon business."

My reply was in confirmation of what he said. Taking up my hat to go, I assured him that I would be there on the following morning—

"At eight?"

"At eight precisely."

"If that hour is inconvenient," he continued, "I can accommodate you in the afternoon—from three to four I am disengaged."

"No, sir, the morning will suit me as well—I'll not fail to be here." I bade him good morning, respectfully bowed to the lady, and retired.

At eight o'clock the next morning I was punctually there, and the artist commenced my portrait. He was talkative and agreeable—talked of Benjamin West and Sir Thomas Lawrence, of Canova, Paganini, Bulwer, &c. and pleased by his endeavors to do so. I, as may readily be expected, reverted to the young lady whom I met there the morning previous. I questioned the artist concerning her, but could glean no information from his evasive replies. "She came," said he, "a few days ago and engaged to sit for her portrait. She has had three sittings, successively, and to-morrow will make the fourth and last but one."

He continued with his painting whilst I asked a question or made a remark—talked of beauty, of accomplishments and of the young lady. The artist acquiesced in all I said, and was so affable, so very good-natured, that I finally ventured to ask, if, the day preceding, she had made any inquiries in regard to myself. This he did not appear willing to answer—he hesitated—and from the fact of his hesitancy I at once concluded that she had. At last, however, he managed to ejaculate, with a long pause between the words—"why—yes—she did ask who you were, but all the answer I could make was merely to tell her your name."

"Which you did?"

"Yes."

Here the time-piece in the corner struck nine—my first sitting was through, I asked how many times he thought it would be requisite for me to sit? He answered that four times would suffice—perhaps three. For half an hour we continued in conversation, when we were interrupted by a knock at the door, Mr. B**** opened it, and, as I expected, the young lady made her appearance. She answered my token of recognition with a similar slight but respectful obeisance; I passed the compliments of the morning, said it was beautiful weather, &c. and she replied, but having no possible excuse to prolong my stay, was obliged to leave, reluctantly of course.

Cursory as was the glance afforded me, I remarked the lady-like manner of her address, and the consummate neatness of her attire. The latter was plain, of the best material, and adapted to the form of its wearer. The foot, small, neat, pretty, clad in silk stocking and kid slipper, at once arrested the momentary glance of my eye as it unpresumptuously peeped from under the skirt of her dress.

To be brief—or as other scribblers would otherwise express it, not to dwell upon the subject too long—the young lady and myself formed an acquaintance at the artist's. It is not necessary to detail particulars. Her name was Barry. My portrait was finished at the third sitting—her's was completed the same day. She ingeniously told me where her residence was, with an invitation to call upon her, of which I gladly availed myself, and paid her a visit a few days after. The servant who opened the door showed me into a set of handsomely furnished parlors, and in a minute or two Miss Barry entered. Bows passed, and the weather as usual was discussed; other topics followed, one subject led to another, and I spent a couple of hours in intellectual and delightful conversation. As I was leaving, she impressively desired me to renew the visit. I did so. The second visit was equally pleasurable; the third and fourth no less so, and I discovered her to be not only a handsome woman, but an intelligent and remarkably gifted lady—equally fitted to adorn the saloons of fashion and elegance, or to render the evening fireside agreeable.

I visited the house several times before I had an opportunity of seeing Miss Barry's father; her maternal parent was no more, as in the course of conversation I had been informed from the lips of the young lady herself. One evening,

however, upon my entrance into the drawing-room, a middle aged gentleman was seated at the center-table, reading. He rose from his seat and Miss Barry introduced me to her father. His countenance at once arrested my attention. It bore a strong resemblance to that of our present Chief Magistrate*—there was the same baldness upon the forehead and a similar expression upon the features. He was engaged in the perusal of a letter from a distant correspondent, and presently excused himself from the room to answer it. After he had gone I took a seat beside his daughter on a sofa. I spoke without the restraint of ceremony, and took the liberty of reverting to her father.

"He is a kind father—a generous parent," she remarked, "but has much to trouble him!"

"Indeed!" said I, surprised at her words as well as interested by her manner.

"Yes," she continued, "he has much, much to disquiet him as it appears, but the cause of it is to me entirely a secret. He reveals nothing, and, lest he should think me officiously inquisitive, I refrain from questioning him. Once indeed I did venture an interrogatory, but the coldness and evasion of his reply, so unusual and unnatural to him, was like a chill to my heart. He is not happy—I know he is not!"

Her father unhappy! why? what was the cause?—surrounded by wealth, luxury, and even magnificence!

Here followed a long pause, during which neither interrupted the silence of the other's reverie. Unhappy, thought I—what can make him so? Simultaneously and in connection with the thought my eyes wandered over the splendid apartments before me; in each parlor hung a chandelier, statues, vases, candelabra, ottomans, paintings, &c.—the gloss and polish of the marble adding the glitter of reflection to every ray that they received.

After a short interval, conversation was resumed, and a full hour had passed when the footsteps of Mr. Barry were heard as he descended the stairs from his chamber. He half opened the door of the apartment in which his daughter and myself were seated, and speaking to her, said, "Louisa, I may perhaps not return before midnight. You need not wait up for me, as you sometimes have done, but retire at your usual hour of rest." Then bowing to me—"good night, Mr. Harrison."

"Good night, sir," I responded.

He closed the door and left the house. I looked at the clock on the mantle-piece—it was but a few minutes after nine. Where and how was Mr. Barry to pass his time till midnight? True it was no affair of mine, but it was impossible not to surmise, and my unfavorable impressions I could not discard. Louisa's thoughts and my own appeared to be so intense we neither felt inclined to talk; both relapsed again into a reverie, and a degree of sadness evidently pervaded the feelings of each. Rising from the sofa, however, she repaired to her piano, whither I followed taking my station at her side. Her light fingers swept over the keys. She sung—and by the magical influence of music our drooping spirits were again revived. That which had caused us

disquiet, like the spell of an enchantress, was dissolved, like a dream it was forgotten; and the remainder of the evening glided away, as pleasantly, as happily, as a rivulet meanders through its margin of flowers.

The clock struck ten—I left at eleven. Mr. Barry had not yet returned.

CHAPTER II.

"O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing,
In any shape, in any mood:—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swollen commotion;
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread!"

The Prisoner of Chillon.

Thus the time passed on. I continued to visit Louisa—daily—twice a day; every evening I was at her side, and every evening she expected me. The consent of Mr. Barry to woo his daughter I had not asked, nor was it requisite; he countenanced our courtship, and, eventually, in the course of conversation, when I ventured to advert to it, expressed his entire approbation. The more I became acquainted with him the more I liked him—but his mysterious absence from home at nights, recurring so frequently, I could not account for. He was ordinarily of a cheerful disposition; but not unfrequently could I discover in the moments of his gaiety, a dark shade pass over his brow, like a passing cloud obscuring for a transient interval the sunshine of a summer's day. To his daughter he seemed devoted. Indeed I never before witnessed such a display of intense parental affection on the part of a father.

Thus it remained till the approach of winter—winter with its long evenings spent by the fireside, where Louisa and I nightly whiled away the time, affection and happiness combining to beguile us of the passing hour.

Here let me notice an incident.

My own residence was a considerable distance from that of Mr. Barry's—consequently I had a long walk to visit his daughter. One cold night—it was very cold I recollect; but wrapped up in the ample folds of a cloth cloak I was wending my way as usual to Louisa's. I was rather later than common—it was eight o'clock. Turning the corner of a street I met Mr. Barry, likewise enveloped in a mantle. Our eyes encountered, but neither gave the customary nod of recognition. Both passed on, yet instantly almost I wheeled about and hurried to the other side of the street, and keeping on the opposite side followed Mr. Barry until I saw him disappear up a dark alley. Crossing the street again to reconnoitre I perceived, by the dim light of a lamp emitted at the other end of the alley, a row of dilapidated frame houses, so shattered indeed that it seemed scarcely possible for them to stand amidst the gusts of wind that swept around them. Upon closer observation I saw that the houses in the middle of the range were more tenable than those at either end. More than once I was upon the impulse of threading my way down the alley to hear or see what I could, but its dark gloom and cheerless aspect deterred me—and I finally continued my steps to the brighter abode and

warm reception of one who had been anxiously awaiting me, wondering what had detained me so long beyond my usual time.

I said nothing to Louisa of what I had witnessed, but assuming an air of more than ordinary vivacity, talked, laughed and sung. While Louisa was at the piano, however instead of listening to her song, my thoughts would frequently wander to other subjects. That lonesome alley! was it *there* Mr. Barry spent his nights? What was there to lure him from a comfortable home—from the society of an intelligent daughter? But conjectures were fruitless; and my discovery served only to throw around his character a deeper mystery—a darker, darker shade!

A few nights subsequent to the above, while I was in the drawing-room with Louisa, Mr. Barry came in and asked me if I would accompany him upon an errand of charity—to visit the bedside of a dying woman? I answered in the affirmative, and immediately put my hat and cloak on, ready to depart. He did the same, and, taking leave of Louisa, I followed him.

"'Tis a cold night," remarked Mr. Barry, when we were in the street, as he drew the folds of his mantle closer around his body, at the same time quickening his pace.

"Yes—very"—was my rejoinder, as following the example set me, I wrapped my own mantle tighter about me and trotted along to keep up with him.

"How many wretches, half starved and miserably clad, are at this moment shivering in the blast," said he; "and how true a saying it is that one half of mankind know not how the other lives."

"True—too true!" I responded.

"Hark, hear you that?" he continued, as the sounds of music and dancing saluted our ears. We stopped for a moment, on the opposite side of the street, before a large public building—"There, for instance," said he, pointing up to the gorgeous drapery of the windows, through the half-drawn hangings of which streamed the glaring brilliancy of a festive hall. "There for instance—revelers till the morning's light, not a thought is bestowed upon the suffering poor—not a thought. They will spend their dollars in unprofitable pleasures but grumble to bestow a cent in charity."

We continued our walk—I was conjecturing as to where it would probably end, when presently we turned upon the same alley into which I had seen him enter a few nights previous. He gave a slight knock at the door of a house about half way down the range, and casting my eyes upwards I saw that there was a light in the second story which shone faintly through the muslin curtain at either window. Footsteps were heard descending the carpetless stairs, and a voice demanded "who's there?"

"Me—open the door," said my companion.

"This answer seemed satisfactory, for the door was unbarred and we entered a room entirely without furniture, where holding a candle in one hand and the bar of the door in the other, stood a tolerably decent dressed female, who fastened the door again while she replied to Mr. Barry's interrogatories.

"How is your mistress, Catharine?"

* Martin Van Buren.

"Alas, sir!" with tears in her eyes, she ejaculated. "Alas!"

"She is not dead?" asked the other emphatically, betraying an interest so deep and intense that at the time it appeared to me unaccountably strange.

"No, sir—but the doctor, who has just left says she can't possibly live till morning, and may perhaps die in an hour."

"Light us up—quick!"—said Mr. Barry, in a hurriedly tremulous tone of voice, which Catharine did, requesting us to make as little noise as possible, by leading the way up a narrow and tottering flight of stairs into, what I did not expect—a clean and comfortable chamber. The floor was covered with a substantial rag carpet and a large wood-fire was cheerfully blazing on the hearth.

Looking around the apartment my eyes encountered the glare of the invalid who had her gaze fixed on me. She was a woman evidently past the meridian of life—apparently sixty years of age. "Who are you, come to witness my misery, poverty and degradation?" she exclaimed—"and you, Walter Barry! what brings you here again? Have I not repeatedly told you to stay from the house—to stop your visits? Why come where you are not wanted? Go—your presence is but an insult."

"No, madam: deem it not such I entreat you," respectfully answer Mr. Barry. "I have come—as I always have—not for the purpose of insulting you with my presence, but to afford assistance, to relieve your sufferings."

"Your assistance is needed not. I have enough yet to support me while I live and to afford me a respectable sepulture after death. Go home—home to your daughter—take care of her or she may share the fate that mine did. My curse upon you, Walter Barry! my curse! my everlasting curse!" These words were uttered in a strong, a passionately tremulous voice; but the exertion that it required overpowered the invalid, for, sinking back exhausted on her pillow from which she had partially raised herself, she breathed with extreme difficulty, and when spoken to by Catharine, returned no answer.

At what I thus unexpectedly saw and heard was it strange that I should be surprised—particularly at the manner in which she had conducted herself towards Mr. Barry. I was unprepared for such a scene—without a word of explanation I had been introduced into it, and what construction to put upon it I knew not. "She had frequently commanded him to stay from the house," were her words—still he persisted in coming. She bade him go home to his daughter too—to take care of her, or she might share the fate of her own. What did those words mean? What had been the fate of her own daughter? And then that curse! What had Mr. Barry done to deserve that?

Suddenly the attention of my companion and myself were arrested by the cries of Catharine. "Alas, my poor mistress! she is dying, she is dying!" lamentably exclaimed the faithful domestic, as she laid her head on the pillow beside the invalid, bursting into tears and immoderately weeping. After the storm of her grief was spent however, she became calmer, and, leaning over

the face of her mistress, watched every breath that she drew, fearful that each would be the last.

The only table in the room was situated between two windows—a piece of oil-cloth covered it. Over the table hung a small mahogany framed looking-glass, and upon the oil-cloth lay a quarto edition of the Holy Bible—one which, as I subsequently learned, had been in the family upwards of a century. Upon the latter stood a pitcher of water. At the side of this table Mr. Barry was seated, in an attitude of deep thought—his elbow resting on it; his eyes shaded with the palm of his hand. My station was close by the fire-place, where I quietly sat—speechless—unwilling to disturb the solemnity of the room, or to interrupt the meditations of Mr. Barry. We were waiting in silence, expecting every moment to hear the cry of Catharine that her mistress was dead. Suddenly, to the mutual astonishment of all, the dying woman asked for drink. A glass of water, slightly tintured with lemon juice and sweetened, was held to her lips by Catharine of which she merely tasted and revived a little. Mr. Barry, where he sat, was hid from her view. Her glassy eyes wandered in search of him, but finally rested on me. "Still here! what is it you want?" she rudely exclaimed at the pitch of her enfeebled voice. "Catharine show the young man the door."

"Madam—if you please"—said Mr. Barry, hastily rising and advancing into her sight—"this gentleman came with me—"

"His privilege to stay is therefore the less," she fiercely rejoined. Then suddenly changing the subject, she commenced heaping invectives on Mr. Barry, reviled him as the wronger of a daughter's chastity!

It was a scene that I shall never forget.—Her attenuated hands convulsively grasped the bed-clothes as she spoke or rather vociferated—and then her gaze—so ghastly, yet so revengeful! "You—you Walter Barry, have been the ruin of my family; I can trace it all distinctly back to you. You stole our child from us violated her honor and injured her to infamy. But her brother lives—lives to revenge her yet—to revenge us all!"

"You are a dying woman madam," said Mr. Barry with a choked utterance—"speak not thus I charge you. If, like yourself, I was this moment lying on my death bed, and they were the last words I should ever speak, I solemnly declare to you that Theresa and I were married."

"False! false! you think to blind me by a show of feeling."

"No madam, I have no such thoughts—no such intentions."

"Show me the marriage certificate then.—When I see that I'll believe you; not before."

"That I cannot do, as again and again I have told you. By some unaccountable accident it is lost, and the clergyman that married us has been dead for years. Where he alive I would, before this have brought him here to prove the validity of what I avow."

"Liar! liar!" uncouthly exclaimed the dying woman. Like a lunatic she hysterically laughed. She endeavored to breathe her malediction again upon the man she so inveterately disliked, but

the anathema fell from her lips unpronounced, whilst the death-rattle gurgled in her throat, and with a gasp and convulsive exertion she expired—dying with curses upon her lips—an awful death!

Catharine's grief was now clamorous; she hung over the corpse of her mistress crying like a child and almost choked with the weight of her sobs. Mr. Barry silently returned to his seat at the table, where without speaking he remained till the vehemence of Catharine's grief had somewhat abated. He then spoke to her—told her to call in one or two of the neighbors to set up with the corpse, and presented her with money wherewith to procure the necessaries or to liquidate contingent matters of expense. "Nothing more can be done to-night," he added. "I shall be here early to-morrow morning, when directions shall be given and arrangements made for the interment." Pulling his watch out, "'tis but nine o'clock," he remarked—"I thought it was later."

Here the sobbing Catharine led the way, with the light in her hand, as the three of us descended the worn and creaking stairs. We bade the girl good night, and again found ourselves in the open air.

"You will go home with me?" said Mr. Barry interrogatively, as we came to a halt at the junction of the alley and the street. "Louisa will think hard of me if I return without you. Come."

I assented, though it was contrary to my first intentions. We walked on in silence some time, which was at length interrupted by my companion. "You are doubtless surprised, Mr. Harrison, at what has occurred to-night—and you have reason to be so. But you shall know all—all shall be related, and you can then judge how guilty or innocent I am of that with which I have been charged to-night. You heard a dying woman curse me too—but no matter; no matter—you shall know all—all!"

I made a reply, and again there was a silence which continued unbroken till we arrived within a few paces of Mr. Barry's dwelling. Stopping suddenly, he whispered in a voice scarcely audible, "breathe not a word of this to Louisa, I pray you—not a syllable of what you have witnessed and heard."

I answered in conformity with his desire.

"The time may come," he added, "when it shall be proper to inform her of much that she is at present ignorant—but not now."

Having ascended the steps of his dwelling and pulled the bell, the door was opened to us by Louisa herself. "I'm glad you have returned," said she as we entered the parlor. "During your absence I have been terribly alarmed."

"Indeed—how so?" exclaimed her father, his brow instantly knitting with anxiety.

"Half an hour or so after you had left, some one at the front door rung the bell, which was answered by one of the servants. Presently I heard an altercation in the hall, and, laying aside the volume I had been reading, went out to ascertain the cause of it. There stood black Joseph holding the door half open and a person whose face was effectually concealed by a cloak in which he was muffled. By the light of the

hall-lamp I could see that he was of large stature—tall—remarkably so. Going forward towards the door I demanded the cause of disturbance. As I approached the stranger drew his cloak still closer around his face, and left nothing visible but his dark and piercing eyes. 'You are the daughter of Walter Barry I believe' he uttered, speaking in a somewhat gentler tone than he had hitherto used, but with, as I thought, an agitated voice. I returned him an affirmative answer, and 'my father is not at home at present,' I added, 'but any commands you may think proper to entrust his daughter with shall be faithfully attended to.' He replied that his business with you was altogether of a private nature and could be revealed to no ears but your own."

"Indeed," ejaculated the father.

"He next," continued Louisa, "abruptly asked me where you had gone to? My answer that I did not know, he seemed to discredit—indicating his doubts by an inward chuckling laugh. 'I must see your father,' he suddenly exclaimed—'I'll wait till he comes!'—making movements to enter the house. 'No, you don't,' said Joseph, thrusting the intruder, with his characteristic bluntness, and slamming the door in his face, taking care to secure us from farther molestation by turning the key and pushing the bolt forward."

"Is it possible? You say the stranger was tall?" inquired Mr. Barry.

"He was."

"Did you see his hair—the color of it?"

"It was entirely concealed."

"But his eyes—you say they were black?"

"Yes—nor did I ever encounter such scrutinizing looks as he bestowed on me; I quailed beneath his gaze."

"Tis he?"

"He, father!—who?"

A dead silence followed. To Louisa's anxious interrogation there was no reply—her father, if I may be allowed so to express it, was suddenly struck speechless. Bewildered; confused; he left the drawing-room and ascended to his chamber. During what passed I had observed his changing countenance—alternately flushed and pale, I noticed the fearful interest he unintentionally exhibited; the eager anxiety to be informed. In the earnestness of the moment, too, he convulsively grasped his daughter's arm, trembling violently; his eyes seemed as if they would burst from their sockets, and he entirely lost the command of himself. Who was this stranger? Mr. Barry evidently knew. His unguarded exclamation was a proof that he did.

"Why so sad, Louisa?" I inquired, as approaching her I gently placed my arm round her waist and affectionately folded her to my bosom.

"Have I not cause to be so?" she interrogatively replied, as she raised her beautiful blue eyes to mine, expressing more thereby than at the moment I was willing to comprehend. It was as much as to ask me where I had been that evening with her father and what I had witnessed. Willingly would I have disclosed to her all that had passed; but to her father I had given my word that I would not.

Mr. Barry's footsteps were heard as he descended from his chamber.

"Good night," said Louisa, hastily rising. "Excuse me; I will leave you."

She retired by one door as her father entered by another. Mr. Barry, as he entered, placed upon the center-table a small trunk or casket, and drawing up a chair seated himself beside it. During the interval of his absence he had changed his dress. He was now attired in coat and pantaloons of deep black, together with a vest and silk-neckcloth of the same color—a suit of mourning. For what was this? Respect for her who so lately had cursed him before she died.

"I promised you to-night that you should know all, meaning the history of my own life," said he. "I am now prepared to relate it; are you to listen?"

"I am."

[To be Continued.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

PATIENTIA AMORIS.

BY F. A. T.

On the banks of a pleasant river in New England, quite surrounded by a beautiful grove, the rich foliage of which fanned by the gentle zephyrs, waved over the blooming flowers that adorned its shady walks, stood the splendid mansion of Mr. Upham. Every thing about the premises spoke of happiness, contentment and peace, and that neatness and beauty which is beheld in our finest country seats, was visible there. Mr. Upham was a man who had been in extensive business operations in his early life, and having acquired an ample fortune, had now left the noise and bustle of the city, with its fashionable *elite*, and with his family, consisting of a wife and one daughter, sought to enjoy life without participating in its cares and perplexities, and learn the virtues, if possible, of a quiet old age. Here, at this pleasant site, remote from business, he could elevate his mind to contemplation—he could survey the beauties of nature spread out before him—he could admire the surrounding scenery, stamped with the impress of the "great Architect"—and he could here commune with the "Mighty Maker," through his works, until his mind would leap forth in holy and heavenward aspirations, and rise in contemplation of the Eternal Cause.

Fidelia, his daughter, of whom we are about to speak, was an intelligent, social, laughing girl of thirteen, whose kind temper and affable disposition had won for her the confidence and esteem of all with whom she was associated. Being possessed of a lively temperament, she did not sit down in idleness and inactivity, but applied herself assiduously to industrious occupations—to the acquisition of knowledge and the development of her intellectual powers, which nature had not dealt out to her with a sparing hand. Having a remarkable fondness for flowers, she had collected many of various kinds, and arranged them with marvelous skill and nicety about the mansion—she had planted them in her garden and ministered unto them with her own hands. The tulip and the amaranth, the poppy and the violet, adorned her parterre—and the odors of the rose, the jasmine, the iris, and the

wall-flower were borne on the passing breeze. Thus engaged, her days stole silently and pleasantly away.

"Time rolled on in its ceaseless course," and Fidelia at length found herself at a distance from home, attending school. Here a new field opened to her view. She found herself called upon to act in a new sphere, and under altogether different circumstances. Instead of the fostering care of a watchful mother, the conveniences and enjoyments of home, she was obliged to lean upon her own resources. Surrounded by strangers, she felt a restraint imposed upon all her actions. Her powers of pleasing were many and unsurpassed, and modest and unassuming in her manners, she arose in the estimation of her teachers, and all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. She moved in the first circles of fashion, and her society was sought by the *elite* of the fashionable world; indeed, she was considered the most beautiful of her sex. Her dark eye beamed with a gem-like lustre—her golden tresses waved in rich luxuriance—"she opened her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue was the law of kindness."

"The graces of this blooming girl,
Which bounteous nature gave,
Shone brilliant as a flashing pearl
Borne on the ocean wave."

She was surrounded by a numerous train of admirers, one of whom we shall now introduce to our readers. Arthur Hathaway, a young man of prepossessing appearance, who had left the orange groves of the South, the endearments of home, and the society of friends, to avail himself of the advantages of a New England education. He was the only son of wealthy parents, who had left no effort untried to promote his literary advancement, and it was easy to predict that the time was not far distant when he would become a bright gem in the literary world. The impression made upon his mind by the many virtues attributed to Fidelia Upham, induced him to form an acquaintance with her, which finally resulted in their mutual attachment. He was her accepted suitor, and became a welcome guest at her father's mansion. Here he was received with the most hospitable feelings, and soon became a great admirer of Mr. Upham, who looked upon him as one possessing a noble mind and well worthy of the hand of his daughter; and during his stay with them he knew no break in her kindness, and no pause in her friendship. At length the period arrived when he was to leave this consecrated spot, hallowed by the associations of love and the tokens of friendship, for the south, to complete his studies for the bar. Their parting was characterized by the warmest emotions of affection and regard.

"He clasped her hand within his own,
While the tear stood in his eye—
Quoth he, I seek my native home,
'Neath the sun of a southern sky."

"I leave you here in a northern clime,
'Mid the fragrance of sweet flowers,
Where roses fair and garlands fine
Adorn your native bowers."

"I shall see you again," said he, as he pressed her hand in his—"we shall meet again ere long—and I shall again enjoy your society, and be blest

with your smiles, and listen to your spirit-stirring voice—good bye!”—and he mounted the carriage which was to convey him from the tender object of his solicitude and affection.

A few weeks beheld Arthur H. pursuing the study of the law in his native state, preparatory to his entering upon its practice. A regular correspondence was of course formed between them, so that Arthur had the gratification of often hearing from Fidelia, and her expressions of constancy were such as caused him to pursue his studies with unremitting ardor, that he might the sooner enter upon his professional duties, and enjoy the society of her who had become the dearest object of his heart. When gloomy night had drawn her “sable curtains” over the landscape, you could behold him poring over the epistle received from her by the midnight lamp, and dreaming of future happiness and bliss. But, alas! how often are we doomed to meet disappointment in its most dire forms. He received a letter signed by her father, announcing her death and burial while on a journey to visit her relations in a remote part of the state. This melancholy intelligence blighted his brightest hopes, his fairest prospects, and his most fond anticipations, and cast around him a shade of impenetrable gloom. Discouraged and disheartened, he was unable to pursue his studies with success, and he sought to renovate his body and invigorate his mental energies by traveling. He first directed his course to the village of G——, where the remains of Fidelia Upham had been, as he supposed, consigned to their lowly bed. Arriving at the place, he sought the grave-yard, and found in one corner of it, beneath the wide spreading branches of an aged elm, the mound that covered the remains of the one he loved, and a marble slab erected as a grateful tribute to the memory of her whose name was enshrined within the sanctuary of his heart—whose virtues now rushed upon his mind—and whose loveliness was woven into the texture of his existence. He could not look upon the sod that covered her final resting place without bedewing it with the tears of unfailling affection.

Dark and portentous were the associations that clustered around his being. The chemistry of death had consigned her body to its original elements—she had passed to the “land of the sleepers”—she had entered the abodes of the “spirit land,” and left her lover and friend to muse upon departed glories, which were now sealed in the gloomy pavilion of eternal night. Having planted flowers around her grave, and watered them with a fresh flood of tears, he departed for the purpose of embarking for Europe.

Arriving at the seaport, he made arrangements for prosecuting his contemplated voyage. Just before the vessel in which he was about to sail was unloosed from her moorings, nature prompted him to bid a final adieu to the bereaved family. For this purpose he seated himself in a coach, and after a few days ride, the beautiful country seat of Mr. Upham met his vision, glowing in the bright rays of the setting sun, at which he soon arrived. Judge of his feelings as he approached the door and raised the massive knocker—imagine the conflicting emotions that filled his throbbing breast, as he anxiously awaited an

answer to his summons. The door was soon opened, and a female figure of surpassing loveliness, clad in the vestments of beauty, stood before him, in whose image he recognized the loved and lost one of “by-gone times.”

I will not attempt to describe this meeting, but leave my readers to draw their own conclusions. After the first greetings of friendship were interchanged, he narrated the circumstances which had come to his knowledge—told her he had received a letter bearing the signature of her father, announcing her death in a distant village—that he had sought the grave and poured upon it a flood of tears, as a closing tribute—and had fixed upon a resolve to quit the land which gave him birth, and end his days in a distant clime.

The mystery which enveloped this transaction was soon unraveled. It was ascertained that one of the rejected suitors of Fidelia, being at the village of G——, attended the funeral of a young lady, a stranger, who died suddenly in the place, and, mingling with the crowd, he gazed upon the face of the dead, and pretended to recognize the countenance of Fidelia. He had accordingly written the letter to Hathaway, bearing the signature of Mr. Upham, and defrayed the expense of procuring a monument for her grave, assuming to be her friend. The story is soon told. Arthur and Fidelia were united by “the cord that binds two willing hearts,” and repaired to the land of the sunny south, where their days pass quietly away.

BIOGRAPHY.

PETER HORRY.

This officer was a Colonel in the American Army, and a descendant of one of the many Protestant families who removed to Carolina from France, after the revocation of the edict of Nantz. He early took up arms in defence of his country; and through all the trials of peril and privation, experienced by Marion's brigade, gave ample proof of his strict integrity and undaunted courage. The fame which he acquired, as one of the band of heroes who defended the post at Sullivan's Island, was never tarnished. For, although in a moment of despondency he once said to his general—“I fear our happy days are all gone by;” it was not the consequences that might accrue to himself, but the miseries apprehended for his country, that caused the exclamation; for never were his principles shaken; never, even for a moment, did the thought of submission enter his bosom. No man more eagerly sought the foe; none braved danger with greater intrepidity, or more strenuously endeavored to sustain the military reputation of his country. A ludicrous story is told of him, that, though probably varied in the narration, has its foundation in truth. Col. Horry was once ordered to wait the approach of a British detachment in ambuscade; a service he performed with such skill, that he had them completely within his power; when, from a dreadful impediment in his speech, by which he was afflicted, he could not articulate the word “fire.” In vain he made the attempt—it was, *f, f, f, f*—but he could get no further. At length, irritated almost to

madness, he exclaimed—“*Shoot, shoot—you know very well what I would say—shoot, shoot!*” He was present in every engagement of consequence, and on all occasions increased his reputation. At Quinby, Col. Baxter, a gallant soldier, possessed of great coolness, and still greater simplicity of character, calling out—“I am wounded, colonel!” Horry replied—“Think no more of it, Baxter, but stand to your post.” “But, I can't stand, colonel—I am wounded a second time!” “Then lie down, Baxter, but quit not your post.” “Colonel,” (cried the wounded man) “they have shot me again, and if I remain any longer here, I shall be shot to pieces.” “Be it so, Baxter, but stir not.” He obeyed the order, and actually received a fourth wound before the engagement ended.

MISCELLANY.

HUMILITY AND PERSEVERANCE.

A FABLE.

From the side of a mountain there flowed forth a little rivulet. Its voice was scarcely heard amid the rustling of the leaves and grass around, and its shallow and narrow stream might be overlooked by the traveler. This brook, although so small, was inspired with a proud spirit, and murmured against the decree of providence, which had cast its lot so lowly.

“I wish I were a cloud, to roll all day through the heavens, painted so beautifully, as those lovely shapes are colored, and never descending again in showers; or, at least, I wish I were a broad river, performing some useful duty in the world. Shame on my weak waves and unregarded bubbling. I might as well have never been, as to be thus puny, insignificant, and useless.”

When the brook had thus complained, a beautiful tall flower, that bent over its bosom, replied, “Thou art in error, brook. Puny and insignificant thou mayest be; useless thou art not, for I owe half my beauty, perhaps my life, to thy refreshing waters. The plants adjacent to thee are greener and richer than the others. The Creator has given thee a duty, which, though humble, thou must not neglect. Besides, who knows what may be thy future destiny? Flow on, I beseech thee.”

The brook heard the rebuke, and danced along its way more cheerfully. On and on it went, growing broader and broader. By and by other rivulets poured their crystal waters into it, and swelled its deepening bosom, in which already began to appear the fairy creatures of the wave, darting about joyfully, and glistening in the sun. As its channel grew wider and wider, and yet other branches came gliding into it, the stream began to assume the importance of a river, and boats were launched on it, and it rolled on in a meandering course through a teeming country, freshening whatever it touched, and giving the whole scene a new character of beauty.

As it moved on now in majesty and pride, the sound of its gently heaving billows formed itself into the following words:

“At the outset of life, however humble we may seem, fate may have in store for us great and unexpected opportunities of doing good and of being great. In the hope of these we should

ever pass on without despair or doubt, trusting that perseverance will bring its own reward. How little I dreamed when I first sprang on my course what purposes I was destined to fulfil! What happy beings were to owe their bliss to me! What lofty trees, what velvet meadows, what golden harvests were to hail my career! Let not the meek and lowly despair: heaven will supply them with noble inducements to virtue."—*N. Y. Mirror.*

PIETY AND CHARITY INCULCATED.

THE very pirate that dyes the wave of the ocean with the blood of his fellow beings; that meets with his defenceless victim in some lonely sea where no cry for help can be heard, and plunges his dagger in the heart that is pleading for life—which is calling upon him by all the names of kindred and home to spare—yes the very pirate is such a man as you or I might have been. Orphaned in childhood; an unfriended youth; an evil companion; a resort to sinful pleasure; familiarity with vice; a scorned and blighted name; seared and crushed affections; desperate fortunes; these are steps which might have led any one among us, to unfurl upon the high seas the bloody flag of universal defiance; to have waged war with our kind; to have put on the terrific attributes, to have done the dreadful deeds and to have died the awful death of the ocean robber. How many affecting relationships of humanity plead with us to pity him? That head that is doomed to pay the price of blood, once rested on a mother's bosom. That hand that did the accursed work, and shall soon be stretched cold and nerveless in a felon's grave, was once taken and cherished by a father's hand, and led in the ways of sportive childhood and innocent pleasure. The dreaded monster of crime has once been the object of sisterly love, and all domestic endearment. Pity him, then! Pity his blighted hopes and his crushed heart. It is wholesome sensibility. It is reasonable; it is meet for frail and sinning creatures like us to cherish. It foregoes no moral discrimination. It feels no crime: but it feels it as a weak, tempted and rescued creature should. It imitates the great Master; and looks with indignation upon the offender, and yet is grieved for him.—*Dewey.*

CARE.

It is one of the most delusive things in life, this idea of getting clear of care. It is inseparable with life—a part and parcel of it. True, a person may get clear of one care, or set of cares, but it is only to make room for others. Many have been woefully cheated with the idea of finding happiness by a withdrawal from business, and seeking ease and exemption from care, in retirement. Care will find a man there or any where—crawl forth out of the bushes or the crevices of the house, in seclusion. It will fasten upon one in some shape—and the more pertinaciously, the more he strives to brush it off—because he is fated to it. No man is so little disquieted with care as he who cares nothing about it—seeks not to avoid it. It always pursues the cowardly and retreating. Better face right about and battle it—brush through the

thickest of it, jump right in over head and ears rather than timidly skulk from it.

AN HONEST ATTORNEY.

AN attorney, on the marriage of his son gave him £500 and handed him over a Chancery suit, with some common law actions. About two years afterwards the son asked his father for more business. "Why, I gave you that capital Chancery suit," replied the father, "and then you have got a great many new clients; what more can you want?" "Yes, sir," replied the son, "but I have wound up the Chancery suit, and given my client great satisfaction, and he is in possession of the estate." "What! you improvident fool," rejoined the father indignantly, "that suit was in my family for twenty-five years, and would have continued so as much longer if I had kept it. I shall not encourage such a fellow."

A WATCHMAKER'S RUSE.

A rook devil of a watchmaker came down to settle at ——. The village was populous. The person was utterly unknown; but he had ingeniously lit on a project to procure employ. He contrived, when the church door was opened daily, to send up his son (a lad of address) to the church tower unseen, and to alter the clock. This the boy was enabled to do by a slight knowledge of his father's business. This measure, of course, made all the watches in the neighborhood wrong so repeatedly, (and every one swears by his church clock,) that the owners sent them to the new comer to be cleaned and repaired. This ruse established the artisan.

WEALTH.

Too many persons, in all the relations through life, look upon wealth as the only true standard of merit, and will pass by the cottage of the intelligent and the virtuous to associate with the ignorant nabob in his castle, reared upon fraud and oppression. Their standard may suit their present condition. But, if it does not prove their own ruin, it surely will that of their children. Their riches may fly with the wind, in a moment, and then, where is their merit? That follows, leaving them neglected by their old associates and despised by those whom they before shunned merely because they were poor. Let then, those who wish true greatness, seek it through moral and intellectual, rather than by pecuniary culture. Good talents and good character are a passport to any circle worth seeking.

An attorney, named Else, rather diminutive in his stature, and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Mr. Jekyll. "Sir," said he, "I hear you have called me a petty-fogging scoundrel. Have you done so, sir?" "Sir," replied Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a petty-fogger or a scoundrel, but I said you were *little else*!"

A country clergyman observed to his friend that upon the last Sabbath, he was much disturbed by a cow who looked in at the door, and bellowed in his face. "Sir," says the other, "she saw a calf in the pulpit!"

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1840.

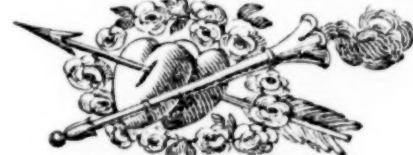
FIRST NUMBER.—In sending forth the first number of a new volume, it is but natural, that the publisher should feel some degree of anxiety as to the result of his labors. Of this we have our full share, and yet we have much to encourage us—faithful and spirited agents, many of whom we confidently trust will still prove unwearied in well doing—the low price of our paper, which brings it within the reach of most persons, and last, though not least, several new and talented correspondents, articles from whose pens, in addition to the contributions of our old and valued friends, will from time to time enrich its columns. With these incentives, we shall pursue "the even tenor of our way," trusting with the aid of our friends and our unremitting exertions to please, to at least hold our own.

EMBELLISHMENTS.—Though disappointed in not presenting our readers with an original tale in this number, as we had fully intended, we are happy that we have been enabled to obtain in season, and offer for the gratification of those who are fond of pictorial embellishments, two plates drawn and engraved purposely for the pages of the Repository. We have in the hands of the engraver, another plate illustrative of a scene in the story of the "Marriage Certificate", which will appear in its appropriate place.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid

H. H. West Niles, N. Y. \$1.00; D. N. Urbana, N. Y. \$1.00; S. M. Meredith, N. Y. \$1.00; A. E. J. Belvidere, Ill. \$1.00; P. M. Leyden, N. Y. \$2.00; J. J. P. South Lee, Mass. \$1.00; J. M. K. Greenport, N. Y. \$1.00; S. A. L. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; S. D. Palmyra, N. Y. \$1.00; C. B. Scitoville, N. Y. \$1.00; N. D. Cortland Village, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. New Hampton, N. H. \$5.00; H. C. T. Williamsburgh, Ms. \$1.00; A. B. Brattleborough, Vt. \$1.00; J. N. Greenfield, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. South Dover, N. Y. \$2.00; C. S. W. Catskill, N. Y. \$5.00; J. N. P. Charleston, S. C. \$1.00; P. M. East Constable, N. Y. \$5.00; G. D. W. Providence, R. I. \$1.00; J. W. Groveland, Mich. \$1.00; A. D. S. Adams, Mass. \$1.00; J. K. Conway, Mass. \$1.00; L. D. Ceylon, N. Y. \$1.00; J. K. Cincinnati, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. W. Delhi, N. Y. \$1.00; W. B. Hamilton, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. Harmony, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. H. Malden Bridge, N. Y. \$1.00; B. D. Montpelier, Vt. \$3.00; J. D. Pontiac, Mich. \$1.00; D. M. J. Shelburne, Mass. \$1.00; O. V. V. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Waterbury, Vt. \$5.00; J. H. W. West Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; J. F. Chestertown, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Homer, N. Y. \$3.00; R. C. S. Waterbury, Vt. \$10.00; L. S. Greene, N. Y. \$1.00; S. E. B. Greenwich, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Falls Village, Ct. \$3.00; T. I. Hitchcockville, Ct. \$1.00; W. E. H. Hoosick Falls, N. Y. \$0.87; A. W. South Orange, Ms. \$1.00; C. P. Westminster, Ms. \$1.00; P. F. Blanford, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Center Gorham, N. Y. \$1.00; D. C. Greenbush, N. Y. \$1.00; O. D. New York, \$1.00; W. G. M. New York, \$1.00; H. B. Spencertown, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. N. Huntington, Vt. \$1.00; J. A. New Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. C. Montrose, Pa. \$10.00; G. S. Durham, N. Y. \$2.00; N. G. B. South Edwards, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Dover, N. Y. \$2.00; S. B. S. Pendleton, N. Y. \$1.00; S. S. La Moille Village, Vt. \$5.00; P. M. Cassville, N. Y. \$5.00; G. H. A. Northfield Farms, Ms. \$1.00; J. S. Bedford, N. Y. \$1.00; D. S. Clockville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. Wadsworth, O. \$1.00.



Married.

In this city, on the 27th ult. in Christ's Church, by the Rev. J. Pardee, Mr. Charles S. Wilson, of Utica, to Miss Anna Maria, daughter of Dr. Maine.

Died.

In this city, on the 5th inst. Maria Louisa Thorne, infant daughter of Charles and Charlotte E. Mitchell.
On the 12th inst. Frances E. daughter of John and Ellen Alger, aged 5 months.
At Cincinnati, on the 16th ult. Lois, wife of James Tompkins, aged 44 years, formerly of this city.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

THE HEATH IN THE DESERT.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"He shall be like the heath in the desert: and shall not see when good cometh."—*Jeremiah xvii. 6.*

THERE falls a blest rain on the desolate scene,
The long-withered herbage is healthful and green,—
New verdure replaces the bramble and thorn,
In dry, sterile regions fresh fountains are born.
The murmur of streamlets rejoices the ear,—
Wake, heath of the desert! salvation is near.

There breathes a soft wind, o'er the bones of the slain,
It hath clothed them with flesh, they are living again;
Like the host of the Lord, in bright armor they stand,
Their banners wave wide, at His word of command,
The wilderness smiles on their glorious array,—
Wake, heath of the desert! and gladden their way.

There sweeps a dark cloud o'er the blue of the sky,
Hoarse thunders are muttering, the tempest draws
nigh,

The chariot of God rolleth on, in its ire,
The mountains are humbled, the vallies aspire,
Lo, the scorner and slumberer, their folly deplore,—
Wake, heath of the desert! ere time be no more.

Hartford, Conn. June, 1840.

For the Rural Repository.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest."—*Matthew xi. 28.*

IN Judah's wilderness a multitude
Were thickly gathered, claiming from the hand
Of the poor Nazarene, those precious gifts
No monarch could bestow.
Mild were his accents as he sweetly spoke
The words of truth eternal, and his heart
Beat high with sympathy for earthly woe.
He fed the starving, and bade reason claim
Her rightful empire in the maniac's breast;
He on the sightless eye-ball quickly poured
The cheerful light of day. The sick and lame,
He kindly healed, and when the mother came
With her young train of infants, lo! he prest
The little prattlers to his loving heart,
And called them blessed.

They were all healed—but well that kind One knew,
Mere outward sorrows were but little part
Of the sore burdens that the sons of earth
Are called to bear! His tender eye
Explored the sorrows of the secret soul,
And his deep kindness longed to pour on them,
Those drops of healing he alone could give.
Hark! for he calleth—"Ye may come to me
Ye heavy laden, weary, sick at heart,
And I will give you rest."

Saviour we come to thee—our souls are sick
With the deep plague of sin, heal us we pray!
Our eyes are blinded—let the blessed light
Of the Eternal break upon us now,
And scatter wide our darkness!
Weary with straying in this wilderness
Grant us thy rest. Take us to thee,
Earth's storms are rising—be our hiding place—
Our refuge from the tempest. M. E. W.
June 7, 1840.

For the Rural Repository.

THE LAST MEAL.

I HAVE read somewhere of a destitute widow having placed her last meal before her little family, in the rigor of winter, when a stranger in apparent distress entered her house of poverty and begged her hospitality. There was a struggle in the bosom of the mother, but pity for the stranger at length prevailed, and he was asked to partake. He discovers himself to be her son, and the widow's heart is made to rejoice. A description of this little incident is feebly attempted in the following lines.

COLD was the night and rude the blast,
Around the widow's cot,
And not less stern the fate that cast
Her sad and cheerless lot.

For he who vowed a husband's part,
And lived the vow he made,
Long since had laid a faithful heart
Beneath the willow's shade.

In paths of glory, wealth and fame
He had not cared to roam;
His glory was—an honest name,
His fortune was—his home.

And he the loved, the eldest born,
The beautiful and brave,
Who viewed a quiet life with scorn,
Had dared the mountain wave.

And slowly on long years had rolled
And saddened scenes of joy,
For even rumor left untold
The tidings of her boy.

Three lovely ones, young, bright and fair,
Their father's pride below,
Were left to claim a mother's care,
To share a mother's woe.

To gripping penury now doomed,
Her lot she meekly bore,
While hungry want had most consumed
The remnant of her store.

For on the board the last meal lay,
By kind compassion given,
The mother wiped a tear away,
Then raised her look to heaven.

And hope still lingered in her eye,
And trusting faith was there,
That He who "heard the raven's cry,"
Would heed the widow's prayer.

When sudden, opening wide the door,
There stands a manly form,
His frame the marks of hardship bore,
His face, the frequent storm.

"And pardon friend," he gently said,
"Nor deem my entrance rude,
A houseless stranger asks a bed,
A hungry wanderer, food.

"A stranger on my native soil,
From foreign climes I come,
Preserved through danger, wreck and toil,
I seek my early home.

"Deny me not the boon I crave,
But grant the needed good,
And in return take all I have,
A sailor's gratitude."

Touched by his words, a sigh, a tear
Her deep emotions show;
For she had learnt by fate severe,
To feel another's woe.

"Stranger," she said, "thy wandering feet,
Now tread the house of want,
And poverty must coldly greet,
Whose portion is so scant.

"The remnants on that clothless board,
Which pitying mercy gave,
Is the last meal my means afford,
And that my children crave.

"To me they look; no sire have they,
He long has gone to rest;
His body moulders in the clay,
His spirit's with the blest.

"A son I had of daring mind,
He braved the ocean's surge;
He's gone, he's gone; long since the wind
Has moaned his funeral dirge.

"Stranger thou hast a seaman's dress,
A frank and noble air,
Little have I in my distress,
That little thou shalt share.

"And trusting to His word of love,
Which still regards the poor,
I'll look for mercy from above,
To bless the widow's store."

She said; when lo! a nervous arm
Had clasped her to his breast;
She trembled with a quick alarm—
It was her son who prest.

"Mother, thy lost one now behold!
My father see in me,
And though not rich in foreign gold,
I'm rich in love to thee.

"Thy prayer is heard;—from yon blest sky
There comes a father's voice;
It bids me wipe thy weeping eye,
And make thy heart rejoice.

"Mother, as long as life shall last,
My duty shall not cease,
Thy sun by clouds so long o'ercast,
Shall yet go down in peace." C. F. L. F.

For the Rural Repository.

THE ANGEL'S CALL.

"HARK! they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit, come away."

PILGRIM, stranger! pause to hear,
The voice that calls thee from above,
Start not thou, nor drop a tear,
Rise to dwell 'mid heavenly love,
Sigh not, that you may not roam,
Longer in this world from home.

Far from heaven, from joys on high,
Far away, from that blest land,
Far from bliss divine, you lie,
Sinking at the world's command,
You ne'er saw that heavenly place,
Full of God's redeeming grace.

You ne'er saw that bright-robed throng
That assembly fair on high;
You ne'er heard their rapturous song,
Floating through the azure sky,
Had you heard or seen but this
You would fly, to obtain the bliss.

Spencertown, June 15, 1840. CASSIOPEA.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum, invariably in ADVANCE. Any person who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No Subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers. All Communications must be post paid.

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